

# DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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## A WEST INDIES CRUISE

II

Tuesday, February 3, 1925.—It is just two weeks since I left New York. We are at Curacao, the principal Island of the Dutch West Indies, at its principal city which is called Willemstad. It has been settled four hundred years. It was first discovered by the Spanish, and has been subject to the Dutch, later to the French, and then to the British, and was again given to the Dutch a century ago and remained the principal island of Holland in the West Indies ever since. Its population is about 35,000, and its language is called Papiamento, a mixture of Dutch, Spanish and Portuguese. Its principal products are phosphates, Curacao liquer, straw hats (like Panama style) ostrich feathers, and filigree work. We visited one of its ostrich farms this morning, which is at least five miles out of the city, and discloses, in the journey there, large areas of ripened maize, good smooth macadamized roads, avenues with luxuriant growths of tree and plant, and fences of growing cactus. Everything, as in Holland, is scrupulously clean; the streets are carefully swept, the houses painted white (except the few straw-thatched huts inhabited by the farmers and their families of half naked children), and the general aspect, even to windmills, is like that of the mother country. The city is divided into two with what looks like a very wide canal, but which is a cleft that runs from one side of the island to the other and is deep enough for ocean going vessels. We are anchored near the city and taken by steam launch to the centre of the business district. The people are not black, but have sallow complexions, with straight hair, and seem quite courteous in a business way.

The boat is getting ready to leave for La Guayra, Venezuela, and will reach there tomorrow morning. As we go on an excursion to Caracas, it is doubtful if I will find time to write. In fact, you need not be disappointed if you do not hear from me till we reach San Juan, as I am told, that at the Barbados and Fort de France, there are no good mail facilities. I sent two letters and several cards from the Curacao post office this morning. I almost forgot to say that in all of the Islands, the women carrying things on their heads and riding donkeys loaded with all kinds of wares, and the men astride of those patient, sturdy little beasts, their feet almost reaching to the ground, were conspicuous and familiar sights.

This morning at six we reached La Guayra. We had breakfast at 6:45, instead of eight which is the regular time, and at 8:30 were on the launch going ashore to board the train that was to take us to Caracas. Before proceeding, let me give you a very imperfect pen picture of La Guayra, Venezuela. Looking from the boat one is amazed at the towering mountains. They lap each other in a stupendous sort of way. The depressions are too big to be called gullies and too steep and rugged to be termed valleys. La Guayra is built on the side of the mountain. The houses are built in tiers right down to the edge of the sea. They are all one-story affairs of white, roofed with what looks to be terra cotta instead of the shingles of wood or slate which northern people usually see. The houses parallel each other with almost mathematical precision. There are two or three hundred of them. The big city is Caracas, which is on top of the La Silla mountain, its summit being three thousand feet above La Guayra harbor. The distance in a straight line would be six miles, but it takes twenty-three miles of railway to reach it.

From its terminus at the foot of the mountain, lined with numberless very tall cocoanut palms, it runs through eight or more tunnels, and turns and twists constantly as the train gradually ascends. Alternately you are in sight of the sea and creeping along on the other side, where nothing can be seen except the mountain side and the tropic growths. Often you can look across great depths between mountains, and in one stretch you can gaze down the appalling depth of 3000 feet. I wish I could tell you the names of all the trees and plants and flowers that we passed. A few were bread-fruit

trees, rubber trees, palm trees of different kinds, hundreds of century plants, with their long stems rising fourteen to twenty feet, two kinds of cactus, and hundreds of banana plants that seem to grow without cultivation.

We were taken round Caracas in automobiles that were waiting at the station. It is a beautiful city. A regular garden with a brick houses, asphalted streets, grand public buildings, charming boulevards, and a population that is cream color, rather than chocolate or black. We went to the arena where they hold bull fights—an attractive edifice that leads to the circle of seats and boxes where the spectators sit. In the plaza there is a magnificent statue of Simon Bolivar, the great liberator of South America. Bolivar holds

In a few minutes we leave Trinidad for Martinique, and I will have something more to write about. Just now I am tired and will freshen up by watching them "wear ship after they weigh anchor." How is that for nautical phrasing?

Sunday, Feb. 8, 1925.—This is Sunday, and we are just leaving the Island of Martinique.

I did not have time to write of our visit to Bridgetown, Barbados. On one of the prominent boulevards there is a heroic statue of George Washington which the people of Caracas have erected. There are many statues of celebrities, the names of which the speed of the auto prevented us from noting.

We had luncheon at the Grand Hotel Caracas, and afterwards saw our motor tour till it was time to take the train for La Guayra. Although Caracas is only ten degrees above the equator its climate is not hot. It is situated in a valley of the Andes Mountains, and is spring-like the year round. Its population is about 90,000, and they are all dressed neatly and cleanly. Several boys on the way home from school, with their books in knapsacks, or in their hands, impressed us as fine, healthy, and intelligent youth, possessed of the exuberance of boyhood that is always found in schoolboys.

We will not reach Trinidad (Port of Spain) till four o'clock tomorrow afternoon.

TRINIDAD, Friday, February 6, 1925.—Yesterday we left La Guayra, Venezuela, after several hours spent at Caracas. The course lay along the coast of South America, and during daylight we were nearly always in sight of land. The sea was smooth, the air cool and delightful. At two o'clock we came sight of the Bocas. That is the name of channels through the Lesser Antilles, islands that separate the Caribbean Sea from the Gulf of Pavia. We passed through one of the Bocas called the Dragon's Mouth. Nearly all the passengers lined the ship rails to see this wonderful sight. This Boca is about 300 yards wide and has a deep channel almost to the high rocks, or mountains, through which it passes. No doubt all of the Bocas are navigable. They are a couple of city blocks in length, and there are at least six or seven—perhaps more. Trinidad nestles at the base of high mountains in the pocket-like end of the Gulf of Pavia.

We reached anchorage about five o'clock, but did not go ashore till after dinner, when the cool of the evening made the trip to the wharf pleasant. We stayed but a short time, as all the stores seemed closed.

Friday, February 6th, we took the launch at 8:30 A.M. Automobiles were waiting and soon we were on a trip to the rural districts and up the mountain. The roads all seem to be asphalted, and our ride was smooth and very enjoyable. The route was through avenues lined on both sides with luxuriant vegetation. There were thousands of palm trees, acres of banana plants, nutmeg trees heavy with pods that look not unlike peaches, but when split open reveal the nutmeg, cocoa trees, heavy with almost ripened pods, were on either side of the drive for miles. They resemble no fruit I have seen, for the pods are about three times the size of a big pear, and contain each of them forty or fifty nuts that are shelled like peas, and are pleasant to eat. Coffee berries from the tree were broken off, that looked like large grapes. We passed through several villages, and the children, some entirely naked, ran to the side of the roadway to see us pass. In some instances mothers with babes astride of their hip joined the excited boys and girls. We returned to Port of Spain and did a little shopping. The city has many fine shops, which are well stocked with wares neatly assembled, and seem to do a thriving trade. It is a large city with many white people, but a preponderance of

blacks. There are many palatial residences, but the Governor's House is by far the largest in building and domain. We had luncheon, served by a committee of ladies, at the Soldiers' and Sailors' Club.

Besides sugar cane, cocoanuts, cacao and bananas, Trinidad does quite a trade in tobacco, maize, limes, mangoes, pineapple and oranges. I could say much about its mineral wealth and export trade, but this is enough in the line of general information.

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risoned. We visited a few stores, but beyond some small coins, which we got from the change of a dollar, left after purchasing ten post-cards, we bought nothing. This island is a French possession, and the biggest bargains are offered in wines and perfumery. You can buy a quart of Piper Heidsieck champagne for two dollars. Not having any use for champagne and being totally ignorant of the value of perfumes, we bought neither. Fort de France is not a very clean city, but its inhabitants, practically all colored people, dress in snow-white dresses and white linen suits. Those whom I would judge to be of the poorer class, dress in bright colors with turbans of yellow. They can be seen by the score, with big bundles balanced on their heads and carrying things in their hands also. This method of poising all kinds of weights on the head, is characteristic of all the West Indies. At Trinidad, we saw women with what seemed to be lemonade coolers poised on their heads, selling drinks to the passers by. In Jamaica, girls balanced on their heads circular baskets with apples and oranges piled on them, strolling along without a thought of an apple or an orange falling. In Hayti, everything, from a melon to a bunch of bananas or fifteen or twenty big yams, is carried on the head with a sureness and jauntiness that amazes a northerner visitor.

We changed to another automobile to go over the mountain to St Pierre. It was specially agreed upon and understood that the price would be the same—three dollars an hour. But at the end of the trip, the chauffeur wanted thirty dollars. We gave him twenty under protest, and felt that we had been stung ten too much, as the ride took only two hours. But what a ride. We had a thrill, if not an escape from death, almost at the very start. The entire road is up and down the sides of mountains, and turns and twists till it resembles a continuous series of the letter S, or a figure 8. At one of these sharp curves a car coming down the mountain struck our car a glancing blow, that knocked us perilously near the edge of a deep ravine. Had it not been for the quickness of both drivers, the cars would have come together head on, and friends of Souweine, Kohlman, and the chronicler, would mourn their loss. The damage was shattered mud guard and a bent steering rod. Half an hour's work enabled us to continue. The road is quite narrow but smooth, and as I said before, it is very crooked. But the scenery is simply magnificent. We came upon Mt. Pelee, when we were half way, and could see the smoke rising from the crater, then as we circled the mountains that lay along our pathway it was lost to sight, then seen again, and then obscured by interposing hills and trees. Both sides of the route were lined with tropical verdure, and the sides of the mountains seemed always dark and were covered with immense ferns. There were lots of deep ravines on which we gazed with awe as the car swiftly and skillfully negotiated their rim.

All along the morning and afternoon drives we skirted the mountains and had amazing views of growths and hillside cultivations and distances. There were tobacco plantations on the steep sides of mountains, and again in valleys, where they were completely covered with cheese cloth over large areas that were as big as a New York City block. Banana plants that reached fully thirty feet in height and seemed to grow without any care or watchfulness by the owner of the land. Groves of cocoanut palms were quite frequent sights, and extensive orange orchards, their trees heavy with ripening fruit, seemed so ordinary that we gave them scant attention.

San Juan is built on the side of a high hill. It has many fine buildings and stores, but narrow streets and sidewalks less than three feet. Electric buses and trolley cars are the usual mode of transportation, though there are plenty of autos to hire.

At all the ports at which we touched after leaving Havana, there were plenty of diving boys, and at Trinidad we had diving girls. The boys were in all degrees of nudity, according to age, but the girls were dressed in one-piece bathing suits.

Clothes tossed into the water were invariably recovered by these wonderful divers. At Hayti, we saw very small children who could dive for coins with a skill that was unsurpassed. At all these ports also there were boats loaded with fruit, shells and curio, which were offered for sale.

"From the Virgins our mid-sea course was taken, Over a thousand islands lost in an idle main, Where the sea egg flames on the coral, and the long-backed breakers croon Their endless ocean legend to the lazy, locked lagoon."

We reached San Juan, Porto Rico, at four o'clock on Monday afternoon, February 9th, and immediately went ashore and for a couple of hours wandered up and down the streets of San Juan. I am told the city has a population of 98,000, and scattered among the other towns and villages there are over a million. San Juan is a walled city, with a number of fortifications, conspicuous among them being a picturesque fort overlooking the channel at the harbor entrance.

In 1898, during the Spanish-American War, Porto Rico was captured by the troops of the United States. It is of great natural beauty and extraordinary fertility.

Our excursion took us almost around the entire island. We had a splendid highway, beginning at the outskirts of San Juan, called The Military Road, which we followed throughout the trip. Passing the University of Porto Rico at San Piedras, a town seven miles out of San Juan, we entered the country. The highway is bordered with sugar and pineapple plantations, and ascends the mountains. At the highest point, Albonito, we could view the Caribbean Sea on one side and the Atlantic Ocean on the other.

We reached Coamo Springs Hotel, which we were told is under the same management as the Vanderbilt Hotel in New York City. It is a beautiful structure of two stories, with broad piazzas, attractive surroundings, and a park-like garden at its front. We had luncheon here. Then we returned to San Juan by another route.

All along the morning and afternoon drives we skirted the mountains and had amazing views of growths and hillside cultivations and distances. There were tobacco plantations on the steep sides of mountains, and again in valleys, where they were completely covered with cheese cloth over large areas that were as big as a New York City block. Banana plants that reached fully thirty feet in height and seemed to grow without any care or watchfulness by the owner of the land. Groves of cocoanut palms were quite frequent sights, and extensive orange orchards, their trees heavy with ripening fruit, seemed so ordinary that we gave them scant attention.

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In his last letter, the writer inadvertently omitted the death of William Lemon, which occurred the first part of February. Death certainly was stalking in our midst during the past month, taking away three.

Both McCracken and Lemon were members of the Pittsburgh Division, N. F. S. D.

Edward Boyle, who has been in town for the last few months looking for a job, has returned to Cleveland, downeast, as he wanted so badly to live here, in order to be near his mother. He expects to go back to his old place with the Fisher Body Company of Cleveland.

February 21st, Mrs. James Vernon presented her hubby with a gift, taking the form of a baby-boy. Congratulations! Mrs. Vernon's maiden name Marion Harmon is familiar to the Gallaudetians of her time. Her brother Edward, also a collegian, is back from Chicago, where he had been attending a photo engraving school since last summer. Now he is keeping his eye on the first opening, and it is hoped he lands it in the "smoke."

You are cordially invited and urged to attend. Tell and bring your friends.

Rev. F. C. Smielau was here

## PITTSBURGH.

William J. Hayes, of Baltimore, Md., dropped in on the writer at the post-office February 26th. He is a familiar figure hereabouts, having dwelt here from birth till fifteen years ago, when he secured a lucrative position with the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Company in the Accounting Department. At present he is visiting relatives and friends in this part of the State, on a two weeks' sick leave.

John L. Friend, who suffered a great blow from the death of his father, which was chronicled in the last but one issue of the JOURNAL, was called back to Columbus by the death of his step-mother, which occurred a week later. The parents formerly lived in Bredbook, and were such hustling workers for the P. S. A. D., that they were greatly missed when they moved to Columbus. Our sympathy goes out to John, who is about the best treasurer the local P. S. A. D. branch has had.

Mrs. Anna Mullen, a life-long resident of Pittsburgh, was killed February 16th, by a machine driven by a speeding "maniac." According to information, Mrs. Mullen had just descended from a street car and, going around the rear end of the car to reach the other side of the street, was struck by the speeding machine, which was said to have been owned and driven by a prominent attorney of Pittsburgh. Mrs. Mullen died almost instantly and her body was removed to the morgue, where it was identified by a blackboard and educational apparatus.

At 12:30 we reached Coamo Springs Hotel, which we were told is under the same management as the Vanderbilt Hotel in New York City. It is a beautiful structure of two stories, with broad piazzas, attractive surroundings, and a park-like garden at its front. We had luncheon here. Then we returned to San Juan by another route.

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NEW YORK, MARCH 12, 1925.

EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor.

## CHICAGO.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published by the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, at W 163d Street and Ft. Washington Avenue) is issued weekly. Thursday it is the best day for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS.

One copy, one year, \$2.00  
To Canada and Foreign Countries, \$2.50

## CONTRIBUTIONS.

All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, and a guarantee of publication. Contributors are guaranteed of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in their communications.

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THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,  
Station M, New York City.

"He's true to God who's true to man;  
Wherever wrong is done  
To the humblest and the weakest  
'Neath the all-holding sun,  
That wrong is also done to us.  
And they are slaves most base,  
Whose love of right is for themselves,  
And not for all the race."

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Notice concerning the whereabouts of individuals will be charged at the rate of ten cents a line.

## The N. A. D. Proceedings.

It is too bad that the otherwise excellent report of the proceedings was not printed to conform to the style of some hitherto containing accounts of conventions of the National Association of the Deaf. Unless the slugs are preserved and assembled to make a book the same size as former reports, we will not be able to file it in libraries of have it bound with preceding volumes.

There is much criticism of the Executive Committee with the result. They seem to have decided without consulting the wishes of the members. Most of the States of the Union have no representation on the Executive Committee. This is all wrong. They all combine to make a National Association, and each should have an official voice in its conduct. At any rate, just as a United States member of Congress is influenced by his constituency, so should the opinion of the association members be heeded before taking any radical action.

## A Despicable Act.

NOTHING could be more despicable than the vulgar action of some unknown person, at the H. A. D. meeting last Saturday night. This miscreant stampeded the gathering, when the program was almost finished, by throwing one or more "stink bombs" among the audience. The stench threw the meeting into confusion. This is not the first time such an occurrence has happened. About a year ago, a public social gathering was invaded in like manner. If the wretch is found out, it means a term behind the bars. For such an action is against the law, and is a State Prison offence.

## Automobile Driver's License.

In the appeal by L. Byrd Brushwood, deaf-mute, who contested Commissioner Baughman's refusal to grant him a license to drive automobiles, just because he is a deaf-mute, though a driver of proven competence, the case was dismissed without discussion. Judge Harlan disagreed with the majority views of the court. Next week we will publish the dissenting opinion in full.

The New York World of Sunday, March 8th, has an article entitled "Helen Keller Has Rival in a Blind, Deaf-mute." It is Elmira Carlisle, 25 years old, inmate of the Clovernook Home for Blind, at Mt. Healthy, Ohio. After giving her place of birth, Beavertown, Pa., the article goes on to say how she is taught. Her teacher is no other than Mrs. William Hoy, wife of the once famous National League baseball player, William E. Hoy.

Oh, the moon shone bright along the Wabash When Burns' bullies bounced the bounding basketball;

Twas a scandal, shame and sin What they did to Wisconsin— For Burns' Illinois proved champions of all,

ILLINOIS won the first big interstate basketball tournament for schools for the deaf, when they nosed out Wisconsin by one basket in the final of the two-day tournament at Indianapolis, February 28th.

Col. O. C. Smith, gassed and wounded leading his troops in the Argonne, as superintendent of the Illinois school thereon, received permanent possession of a beautiful eight-inch silver basketball, suitably engraved. Coach Robey Burns and his stalwart Illinois congratulated the defeated Wisconsinites, and the success of future annual tournaments was assured.

Only four teams came to scratch—Michigan and Kentucky backing out. Friday night scores: Wis. 26—Ohio 18. Ill. 20—Ind. 17. Saturday afternoon: Ind. 25—Ohio 23. Ind. girls 37—Ohio girls 7. Saturday night final: Ill. 22—Wis. 20. Followed by a "banquet." Referees were Indianapolis A. C. men (hearing), who while fair and impartial, were rather too strict. Every team had its star men ruled out on personal faults. The lads were keyed-up to a high emotional pitch, but absolutely no poor sportsmanship of any kind was witnessed.

The loving cup won by the Indiana girls has to be won by one school three times before it becomes permanent property. Ethel Mandel—the deaf girl won who last year, won the free-throw championship in a tournament open to all the high and prep schools of Indiana—was the whole thing for the winners, and was awarded the fountain pen for the "best sportsmanship" among girls. A similar token went to Carmen of Ohio. These pens were donated by Indianapolis frat division, No. 22.

Wisconsin had no money to send a team, so depended on contributions, raising \$22 that way. It sent a team of ten, with Coach Neesam-Norris—hearing son of the frat dignitary—who is athletic director of the Indiana school, managed the tournament satisfactorily. He sold 250 season tickets at \$1 apiece, and after paying all expenses of the tournament had quite a little left over, which he pro-rated among the visiting teams to help pay their expenses.

It is considered certain that the tournament at Indianapolis next year will see a field of at least eight schools. Quite a party from Chicago intends to attend. We will endeavor to contract for a big bus, holding thirty, at \$5 the round trip, such as Indianapolis division secured for the Bend banquet. Results:

TEAMS	WON	LOST	POINTS
Illinois . . . .	2	0	42
Wisconsin . . . .	1	1	46
Indiana . . . .	1	1	42
Ohio . . . .	0	2	41

Among the Chicago lads on Burns' basketball squad are Frank Guzzardo, Roman Lusk, Walter Kusdk, Joe Crisco and Herman Belling.

The annual frat masquerade of the 28th, saw a full house—of spectators. Unlike former years, the maskers were much in the minority. Quality and quantity were lacking. Possibly the fact that printed cards announced "The bigger the crowd, the better cash prizes," had something to do with that.

Gentlemen's first prize of \$10 was easily won by Andrew Knauff, of Aurora, walking around inside a big representation of a wooden building, on which was pasted cross-word puzzles having to do with fratrdom. Second, F. Johnson, scissors-grinder, Third, Joe Wondra, as "Uncle Tom." Fourth, W. Jones, Chinese Mandarin.

Ladies: 1—Misses Cottman and Schulmann, as hospital nurses, bearing around a dummy on a wheeled operating table, 2—Mrs. E. McCarthy, "Greenwich Village Follies," 3—Miss Ruth Courtney, Fandango dancer.

Comical:—W. Harding, colored dandy, W. Cartwright, "Spark Plug," 3—G. Sullivan, tramp, 4—E. Disz, country school-boy. Ladies comic: 1—Mrs. I. Marchman, "Aunt Jemima," 2—Mrs. L. Wood, "Wriggley's Spearmint," 3—Mrs. J. Wondra, "Topsy," 4—F. Tegtmeyer, "French Apollo."

A special prize of \$5 was also given Mrs. Pearl Gatton, who came arrayed in a dress covered with real photos of prominent frats and convention scenes.

The Fred Rapps motored down from Kenosha, carrying Miss Vera Drinkerine from Racine, and Miss Wallig and D. Duncan from Waukegan.

Dr. J. Schuyler long bobbed up serenely at this frat masquerade, en route for a survey of schools for the deaf—notably Rochester and Northampton. His apex is Washington, D. C., where he is booked to deliver a lecture.

The monthly supper at the Y. W. C. A., given by Rev. Hasenstab's M. E. flock on the 25th, was attended by 62 persons. Real food, cafeteria style, at low prices, served by damsels arrayed in Lady Washington garb. The usual games followed, conducted by those charming Hasen-

stab sisters. These last Wednesday-of-month affairs are rapidly becoming one of the star social events of Chicago Silentdom.

The Chicago Chapter of the O. W. L. S. (female sorority at Gallaudet college) numbers eleven since the arrival of Mrs. Gilbert Erickson, March 3d, the Owls gave her a "housewarming surprise," presenting her with four pyrex pieces. Mrs. W. Zollinger furnished the eats.

Mrs. Alvin Pope, wife of the Superintendent of the New Jersey school, is visiting friends in Chicago. The paper of that school is the biggest advertisement, and getting bigger and better with every issue. The last number contained the proceedings of the Nad convention of 1923, as prepared by a Chicagoan—then secretary, but now president—A. L. Roberts.

Mrs. Alma Osborn, Dayton, Ohio, is in town looking for work.

Arthur C. Johnson, of Rockford, was in town a few days on business. Mrs. Pearl Gatton left on the 7th, for her old home in Detroit, after several months with us.

First Vice-president Frederick Neesam, dropped into frat headquarters with his basketball gladiators, en route to Indianapolis, on the 26th. Coming back, Neesam stopped over Sunday afternoon, loud in his praise for the splendid treatment accorded all visitors.

## DATES AHEAD

March 14—Important meeting of frat Div. No. 1, at Sac—attendance of all fraters is urged. 25—Supper at Y. W. C. A. 18—Stag buncro and '500' at the Home.

## THE MEAGHERS.

## OMAHA.

Rev. Edwin Mappes, Lutheran Missionary to the Deaf, has organized a bible class, which meets every other Thursday night at the Emmanuel Lutheran Church in Benson. A large class has already been formed and deaf people of all denominations are welcome to attend it.

Scott Cusden, Jr., who was seriously ill some time past, has been slowly and steadily recovering.

O. H. Blanchard made a week-end trip to Fort Smith, Ark., Saturday, February 21st, to visit his grandmother. On arriving home he took sick with a severe cold, but has recovered at this writing.

Rev. Jas. H. Cloud held services at Trinity Cathedral, Wednesday evening, February 25th. He chose as his subject "Come Unto Me All Ye That Labor and are Heavily Laden," which was an inspiring one.

The Fontenelle Literary Society held its regular meeting at the Y. M. C. A. Thursday evening, February 26th. We hear that the program was an excellent one. Alvin L. Hurt, who grew up with the Cherokee Indians in Oklahoma and Western Kansas, and later the Ute Indians in Utah, spoke at some length on the various tribes he had known. He was at home with his subject. Fred Anthony gave a short story. Edwin M. Hazel told of the whys of common things. Mrs. Ota C. Blankenship was down with a parody on the Oration of Mark Anthony over the body of Julius Caesar. Instead of Caesar she used the name of Mike and interwove the oration with Irish stories. There was a box a foot and a half long and about eight inches wide in front of her, draped in black. Mesdames John M. O'Brien and O. M. Treuke stood beside it, both pretending to weep. When the members lined up to have a look at "Mike," behold! they saw through a opening of the box nothing but their own reflections in a mirror placed there. Everyone had a good laugh, even the two mourners had to.

The people at the Nebraska School are anxiously awaiting news of the legislature in regard to a new industrial building to replace the old one, which the Board has recommended.

A small entertainment was given by All Souls' Guild Saturday evening, February 28th, in the Nebraska School auditorium. Various scenes from "Bringing up Father" were acted out, with Edwin Hazel as Jiggs, Mrs. John O'Brien as Maggie and F. Arthur Clayton as Dinty Moore. Partly owing to the basket-ball game in the gymnasium that might, a comparatively small crowd attended. A committee of five has decided to have Dr. J. Schuyler Long give a lecture at the Parish House Friday evening, March 27th. His theme will be "Out where the west begins," and some of the incidents of his present three-weeks trip in the east, visiting different State schools and Gallaudet College, where he was invited to give a lecture before the Literary Society.

Chester Toxford came here from Pender, Nebraska, recently with a carload of cattle headed for the stock yards, to exchange for a bag of money.

John Jacobs, an old timer, was married last fall to a widow with two children. They are now living on a farm in Missouri.

Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Hazel are living in an apartment on the Military Avenue Road, and their home at 4519 Bedford Avenue is rented to Mr. and Mrs. Robert E. Dolson. Mr. and Mrs. Hazel may build in

Minne Lusa this spring. Mrs. Hazel's mother is spending the winter with them.

Scott Cusden's mother is having houses built on vacant lots.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Stichler are now living in their new seven-room kellastone stucco home at 716 East 22d Street, University Place, Neb.

The long anticipated basket-ball tournament scheduled for the latter part of February and first part of March was called off, much to the disappointment of all concerned. The South Dakota and Kansas schools were the only competitors, as the Iowa school teams was not considered strong enough to take part. We are hoping, however, that next year will see a splendid tournament here with teams from several Middle Western schools competing. The Nebraska School team holds a splendid record, having won ten games out of twelve. They played the Cathedral High School team from Lincoln, Neb., Saturday evening, February 28th, and won by the score of 26 to 13. The Cathedral High School team was considered a strong one.

Many of the deaf have heard of the death of Everett Buckingham. They have come from a distance to witness Omaha's famous Ak-Sar-Ben's electric parades and two-weeks' Carnival and jollification every Fall. Thousands of people looked forward to seeing his stately figure in the parades among the Board of Governors on horseback. He died of infection, resulting from a carbuncle. He was president of the Union Stock yards. Packing firms all over the country sent floral tributes, one of which was a wreath six feet high. There were 800 floral pieces in Trinity Cathedral, where the service were held. People from all walks of life attended the funeral. He was everybody's friend and a great booster and worker for Omaha and the State.

R. Culver Carpenter was in Omaha several days the first week of this month, visiting friends. He was the guest of Eugene Fry, and was enroute to Indiana, where his sister lives. Since his mother died a year ago, he has been making his home in different places, the last was at Denver and Colorado Springs.

## HAL AND MEL.

On Friday, February 20th, the Fanwood basket ball team left New York City to play New Jersey State School for the Deaf at Trenton and for a trip to the National Capitol.

The sun shone brightly as we left, but no more so than the eyes of the girls starting out to have an adventure of a lifetime.

Mr. Lux accompanied us to New Jersey in the interest of the basket ball team.

Upon arriving at the Trenton School we were cordially greeted by the Supt. Mr. Pope and the captain of their team, then shown about the buildings.

After supper we were taken in cars to see the new school, which is located about two miles from the old one, and which is only partly finished. It is an original plan of housing. Unique and conducive to "homey atmosphere," which should make for better citizenship among the deaf.

After the basket ball game, an informal reception and dance was held.

The next morning the post graduates of the Trenton School entertained our girls playing games, after which they escorted us to the train. Every one of us decided that it would be hard to excel Superintendent Pope and his school in kindness and courtesy to us.

We boarded the train at 9:27 A.M., "all set" for the much talked about journey. The Delaware River fog was thick, but the radiance of our crowd seemingly cleared the mist by the time we reached Philadelphia.

The good-natured conductor on the P. R. R. pointed to us many places of interest all along the way.

At Baltimore we got off the train to stretch a bit and to inhale some of Maryland's fresh air.

We arrived at Washington a half hour late, about 2 P.M., going directly to our hotel, a short distance from the Union Station.

Then we were off to Gallaudet to see their girls play National Park Seminary Team. After the game we were conducted through the college by Miss Nelson, the Latin teacher. Viewing the Monument as we left, everyone felt inspired to aim to attend college there some day.

In the evening we dined at the Willow Tree Inn; then went to the Library of Congress. Through the kindness of Mr. Wilcox, in charge of the building, we saw the inner workings.

Here we saw the original of the Constitution of the United States and the Declaration of Independence. We took in all of the splendor of this beautiful building until our heads fairly bursted.

Sunday morning we started out in the luxurious motor cars of the Gray Line, on a sightseeing expedition.

From this bus we saw the usual sights of Washington, such as homes of prominent men, embassies, famous statues, public buildings, etc. Crossing the new Potomac River bridge, we felt that we were

really in the Southland. The weather was ideal—so warm that we had to shed our coats. On our way to Alexandria we passed through Ft. Myer, where we saw the huge U. S. Naval Radio Station and many monuments and statues.

When we reached the Custis-Lee Mansion we were given a few minutes to go through the Memorial Amphitheater, built of marble, in the form of an ellipse, with seating capacity of 5,000 people in the amphitheater proper and several thousand more in the colonnade.

The long anticipated basket-ball tournament scheduled for the latter part of February and first part of March was called off, much to the disappointment of all concerned. The South Dakota and Kansas schools were the only competitors, as the Iowa school teams was not considered strong enough to take part. We are hoping, however, that next year will see a splendid tournament here with teams from several Middle Western schools competing. The Nebraska School team holds a splendid record, having won ten games out of twelve. They played the Cathedral High School team from Lincoln, Neb., Saturday evening, February 28th, and won by the score of 26 to 13. The Cathedral High School team was considered a strong one.

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On our return from Alexandria, we walked through the renowned "Peacock Alley" in the New Willard Hotel, then on to the "Evangeline" for Sunday dinner.

In the afternoon we strolled through the Botanical Gardens enroute to the Washington Monument, where the girls climbed the 898 steps to get the splendid view from the top.

# NEW YORK

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, 120 W. 125th St., New York.

A few words of information in a letter or postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

Growing day by day, the American Society of Deaf Artists passed its 17th milestone of the years since the idea originated in three struggling young men to form a society of the deaf engaged in the various lines of artistic endeavor.

These three, Mr. Jacques Alexander, who then as now an indefatigable worker for the good of his fellow artists and deaf people at large, met with Mr. Charles W. Fettscher who was absorbed the atmosphere of the Beaux Arts, though in architectural lines, and Mr. Rudolph Janik, a sculptor and painter. They met at the home of Mr. Alexander, and thinking of their own pleasant comradeship wished more of their deaf fellow craftsmen to come in. There was the germ of the Society, which today numbers some fifty active members, fifteen honorary members, and about two hundred and fifty associate members.

Saturday night, February 28th, those in New York City, accompanied by their sweethearts and wives, gathered round the festive board once again, some thirty seven strong.

Why speak of the menu, we will let it go to save space and speak of the speakers and speeches over the coffee and cigars. Though the menu and service was a real treat.

First, let us say, probably among deaf organizations embracing ladies and gentlemen, the head of the table of the Artists Society was graced by Miss Ruby Abrams, its President, and probably one of the first ladies to rule a society of this magnitude.

Miss Abrams made a short speech of welcome those present, lightly passing over the honor conferred on her. Mr. Alexander, the toastmaster, spoke feelingly in introducing each speaker, and of his personal experience of having seen in all their employment, and of the skill and responsibility he viewed with his own eyes, and turned to Mr. E. A. Hodgson, who has probably never missed a yearly banquet since the society organized.

There was a faster beat to the hearts of those present, as Mr. Hodgson spoke, a genuine emotion of those present, who saw in him one who has labored many, many years to advance the interests of the deaf. He spoke of himself as an artist of the Printing Craft.

Mr. Samuel Frankenheim was next introduced. He expressed his surprise at owing to a lady president, and spoke of the development of art from its early beginning.

Mr. Fettscher was the next speaker. He spoke feelingly of the start of the society and with deep regret and grief that the third member of the Three Musketeers who organized it has not been heard of in many years, after returning to Germany, and is believed to have passed beyond the setting sun, Mr. Rudolph Janik. He mentioned the first meetings, and the pride of seeing so many, everyone with a heart of good will, present tonight.

Next Mr. Olsen told of the miracle of his own artistic success, which was quite humorous.

Mr. Fogarty spoken of his own happiness at being an honorary member and being present at so pleasant a gathering.

Mr. Harton spoke of the finding of the partner of the famous painting "Daniel in the Lion's Den," which was purchased by an antique dealer for \$100 and hung across the street from his home in Frankfort, and the dealer being his friend. For years eminent men sought to find the painter some forty years. Investigation developed it was a Rubens, the sketches of the lions having been found in books and libraries, fragments of Rubens, which prove it his work without a doubt. It is priceless today.

After a short general renewal of conversation, the party broke up. Those present were:

Honorary Members—Mr. Samuel Frankenheim, Mr. E. A. Hodgson, Mr. S. J. Fogarty

Active Members—Miss Ruby Abrams, President; Miss Adrienne Foussadier, Miss Chabade, M. E. Souweine, Mr. Jacques Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Fettscher, Miss Brewer, Mr. and Mrs. Bostrand, Mrs. Ploud, Miss Murhead, Mr. John Nesgood, Mr. V. Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. G. Oberbeck, Miss Palmer, Mr. Olsen, Mr. Ljungquist, Mr. W. J. Sheridan, Mr. and Mrs. C. Baines, Mr. L. Meyer, Mr. J. Brown, Mr. R. Grunzacher, Mr. and Mrs. M. Hariton, Miss Williams, Mr. H. Belsky, Miss Bromberg, Mr. M. Rubin, Miss Ray Shapiro.

XAVIER EPHPHETA SOCIETY

To amend for the cancelling of the Christmas Tree, the due paying members voted a Yuletide Christmas offering of \$100 to the church.

The motion by President Fives met with an unanimous response by the members.

February's first Sunday meeting was postponed, owing to an out-of-town engagement by the Rev.

Director, to the Sunday following. On that date, the X. E. S. members attended the dedication exercises of the completed Xavier High School gymnasium.

The response at March's first Sunday meeting summed up near to sixty.

President Fives read the Gospel of the day, the Temptation on the Mount. Father Egan announced a Sacred Mission to be held from March 22d to March 29th, inclusive.

Rev. Thomas Egan, S. J., of Cleveland, Ohio, will be the Missionary. No relation to the X. E. S. Director, however. Advance information is to the effect Father Egan is adept in the use of the sign language.

The opening will be on Sunday, March 22d, at three o'clock. Each evening through the week sermons will begin at eight o'clock, excepting Saturday, when no sermon will be given. Instead, confessions will be heard for the convenience of all who wish to make their Easter duty, in union with the Mission, at the College of St. Francis Xavier, 30 West 16th Street, from three to ten P.M.

The close of the Mission will occur on Sunday, March 29th, at three P.M. Benediction will follow each session of the Mission. It is urged upon all the Catholic deaf to attend and invite their relatives and friends to come with them.

H. A. D.

A Literary Night under auspices of the Hebrew Association of the Deaf was held at the West Side Y. M. C. A. Auditorium, 318 West 57th Street on Saturday evening, March 7th.

The proceeds are to be devoted towards defraying the expenses for burial plots for destitute deaf-mutes.

A fair crowd was present. Mr. Louis A. Cohen presided at the meeting.

The program was as follows:

Anthem, "Hail Columbia"—Miss Anna H. Stifman

"True Story"—Mr. Max Miller.

Dialogue—Messrs. Jack Seltzer and Arthur Taber.

An Interesting anecdote—Miss Myra L. Baierger

"Travlogue"—Mr. Emanuel Souweine

Debate—"Resolved, That the United States money should be loaned to foreign countries rather than be kept here."

Affirmative side—Mr. Sol Garson and Miss Rebecca Champagne; Negative side—Mrs. Arnold Cohen and William Renner.

The judges, who were Messrs. Jack Ebin and William H. Rose, and Miss Jennie Morin, brought in a verdict in favor of the affirmative side. Mr. Max Lubin was the time-keeper.

Rev. John H. Kent gave a brief, but very humorous story entitled "Spring," which was a "scream."

The program ended by the rendition of "Marseillaise," by Mrs. Joanna H. McCluskey in her forceful and clear style.

CÓMING H. A. D. BALL

Now, that the affairs of the three Fraternal organizations and St. Ann's Church are over, the writer takes great pleasure in chronicling the coming of the Fancy Dress Ball on March 28th, 1925, at Odd Fellows' Memorial Hall, 301 Schermerhorn Street, Brooklyn.

The Committee has been very busy for the past few months, making arrangements for a good time for one and all, and no stone will be left unturned. A very interesting Souvenir Journal has been compiled, and it will be distributed to those who come early. Come early to avoid the rush, and it will be "first come, first served," in everything from hat-check room to cuisine rendezvous.

A high-class Jazz Orchestra has been hired for the occasion, and will play till the last person goes home. Please take notice that the affair is not a masquerade one, and that any costume can be used—only, do not wear masks. There will be a dancing contest and cash prizes of \$15 to the first couple, \$10 to second, and \$5 to third. Cash prizes will be awarded for fancy and comical garb.

On Monday evening, March 2d, in a private dining room at Brooklyn's select St. George Hotel, Miss Celia G. Travers was hostess at a dinner in honor of Mrs. Charles C. McMann, which was participated in by Mrs. Wm. Lippens, Mrs. L. Ahmes, Mrs. M. W. Loew, Mrs. E. Hannan, Mrs. F. A. Simonson and Miss Esther Spanton. Miss Travers surprised the guest of honor, and the other ladies present, by the sumptuousness of the viands ordered and served.

Mr. Louis Borowick, after being steadily employed by the General Electric Co., in Schenectady, N. Y., has resigned his position, and is now employed in New York City as a draughtsman. He will be married in June to Miss Lillie Benowitz.

A baby girl was born to Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Friedwald, on Tuesday, March 3d. They have named the newcomer Annabelle Gloria, Mother and babe doing nicely.

Miss Charlotte Hoffman and Mr. Hirsch Friedman were betrothed on Saturday, February 21st, 1925.

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## "In Dixieland."

Now comes the season  
When for garden truck I plan,  
And sit around  
In thought profound,  
Watching the hired man.

Counting the days till genuine  
springtime is about as profitable as  
watching the clock.

However, the groundhog's prediction  
of an early spring, through his failure to observe his shadow  
when he emerged from his winter  
quarters on February 2d, bids fair to  
come true. Already the trees are  
putting forth their soft, green twigs,  
and soon the peach trees at least  
will be in full bloom, and there is  
an exhilarating ting in the air that  
makes a body feel like getting out  
and doing things.

After waiting for over eighteen  
months, a copy of the Atlanta Conven-  
tion proceedings has at last reached us, and we say quite frankly  
that we are far from being pleased with it, and feel that the  
South was deserving of something  
better and more attractive. Had our  
president taken the deaf of this  
section into his confidence beforehand  
in regards the poverty stricken  
condition of the N. A. D. treasury, or its inability to muster up enough money to get out as neat and independent a booklet as all the preceding reports have been, we  
know of a dozen or more individual  
N. A. D. members here in the South  
whom would have gladly and cheerfully  
gone down into their own pockets to furnish the entire amount  
necessary to have the work done in  
more acceptable manner.

Mr. Hugh G. Miller, of Shelly, N. C., has been appointed Chief of the Bureau of Labor for the Deaf in North Carolina, to succeed Mr. J. M. Robertson, retired. Mr. Robertson did excellent work establishing the Bureau and getting the work started, thereby making it easier for his successor. We congratulate Mr. Miller on his appointment and wish him every success in his new field. We wish we had some wide-awake deaf man in Georgia to work for a Bureau of Labor for the deaf of this State.

We note that the deaf of Maryland have lost their right to be allowed to operate automobiles, the vote against them in the Harford County Circuit Court being two to one. This is an unjust discrimination, and we trust that they will win in the appeal which we understand they are to make to the higher courts.

No such trouble as this occurs in Georgia, and we devotedly hope there never will. Any deaf person in this State, who can prove himself a competent driver of an automobile, can secure a license to drive here upon payment of the regular tax.

In Atlanta alone we have eight or ten owners and drivers of cars who are constantly driving over our city streets, and there has never as yet been one of them in trouble with any sort with the laws, while dozens of hearing people are hauled into police court everyday for violating traffic laws or for speeding. Our boys are on friendly terms with nearly every traffic cop in town, and are never molested, the officers recognizing them as "safe and sane" drivers.

Atlanta Division, No. 28, is busily engaged in making elaborate preparations for their 15th anniversary on 7th A committee, consisting of Rose A. Johnson, Mrs. W. W. McLean and S. M. Freeman, has been appointed to make all necessary arrangements, and the affair is expected to be the best and largest ever held by this division.

The Atlanta Division, No. 28, was established May 7th, 1910, by a group of enthusiastic frats, all members of divisions in other States who had just moved here from other cities to make their homes in Atlanta. The credit of the wonderful growth of this division during these fifteen years, is due in a large measure to Mr. L. B. Dickerson, the Secretary, who is filling his fifth consecutive year in that capacity, and to Ross A. Johnson, W. E. Gholston and W. A. Willingham, and others. Mr. Dickerson has been untiring in his efforts to build up this division.

All those desiring to attend are assured of an event both novel and interesting. Write the Secretary, care Foote & Davies Co., for any desired information. Take it from this scribe, the event is going to be "some party."

The two children of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. C. Hodges, a girl of six and a boy of two years, have been quite ill for some time, the girl with flu, and the boy with pneumonia, and who was critically ill for a time. Mr. Hodges remained away from his work for ten days, to be at the bedside of his sick children, and to share with his wife the care of them. At this writing they are reported to be out of danger.

Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Morgan, newlyweds, of Austell, Ga., spent the past week visiting the former's parents at Cave Spring. While there, they were tendered a party and kitchen shower by Miss Nettie McDaniel, Principal Georgia School for the Deaf.

Miss Helen Mendelson is taking a business course at an Atlanta Business college, preparing herself to become a typist and bookkeeper. She expects to enter the business

field as soon as she completes her studies.

An unusual amount of sickness has been prevalent among the Atlanta deaf population during the past winter, mostly flu. Mr. Ross A. Johnson being the latest victim of that disease. He is reported improving.

Mr. John M. Jones, of Akron, O., an old Georgia boy, who immigrated to the Ohio city during the boom days, is expected here soon to see his sister, Mrs. Maggie Walker, of Lithonia, who is very ill with cancer. His wife has been here for some time as has also Mrs. Walker's son, Harry, of the same place.

Work is quite slack here at present, and quite a number of our deaf are enjoying enforced leisure, and others are working on half time. The only ones, that are seldom if ever laid off are those in the print shops.

C. L. J.  
ATLANTA, March 2, 1925.

## SEATTLE.

The February Social to raise convention funds was held on the 28th, at Mrs. Gustin's. As the house was rather small for the accommodation of fifty guests, no games except cards were engaged in. Our local committee, with Jack Bertram as Chairman, is working harmoniously on arrangements. The other members of the committee are Mrs. Wright, Miss Stowe, Mrs. Hanson, and Messrs. Christensen, Wilson, and Johnson.

The next party on the program is a basket social at the Wright home on March 28th, at which it is hoped to raise a good sum. First and second prizes on baskets will be given.

Roy, the only son of Mrs. Emily Eaton, has enlisted in the Marines, and will see service in several foreign countries. His mother showed us a picture of him, and he looked quite the soldier boy in his uniform.

Snqualmie Falls in winter are a beautiful sight, with the great volume of water coming down, and the clouds of misty spray whirling up from the churning waters at the foot of the falls. We are firmly convinced that the northwest is a great place in which to live.

A charming addition to Seattle society is Miss Alice Wilberg, of North Dakota. Miss Wilberg arrived in Seattle in December, and her sister phoned us up. But later, when we attempted to get her over the phone, we somehow failed for quite a while in making connections.

Finally, we got her at the February 21st entertainment, and had the pleasure of meeting her. She expects to make her home in Seattle, and we surely welcome her to our midst. She is now taking lip reading, lessons from Mrs. McKerral, a well-known instructor in lip-reading who specializes chiefly in teaching the adult hard of hearing.

Tacoma has generously volunteered to entertain the State convention at the 4th of July picnic next summer. To get funds for this purpose, there will be an Irish wake party held in our sister city on March 21st, and a great crowd from Seattle expects to be there.

L. O. Christensen has for the past thirteen years had an office on the second floor of Yale building, but he feels that he deserves a more advantageous location. So next Tuesday he is moving to 710 Stewart Street, where he has the whole of a ground floor store. This location is in a most advantageous business district, rapidly growing up near the Times building. Mr. Christensen has purchased a handsome new press, and later expects to expand his business to include the sale of stationery. Mr. Christensen has a host of friends in Seattle, who will rejoice in this evidence of prosperity.

The engagement to wed of Miss Lina Seipp to Mr. Ed. Martin is now out, and we certainly congratulate both parties, and consider that Dan Cupid has performed a very good job. Both these young people are handsome and popular, and possess sterling qualities of character that have made them friends. We extend them our very best wishes.

We regret to hear that Mrs. J. H. O'Leary was sick in bed for two weeks with neuritis. She is better now.

Dr. Hanson held services in Vancouver and Portland February 22d. The services were well attended and those present paid close attention. While in Vancouver he was the guest of the School for Deaf, and in Portland he spent Sunday night with the Reichles, who also asked the Lindes out to dinner. The Reichles have a brand new Dodge touring car, and their oldest son drives like a veteran. Not long ago they remodelled their house, and now have a cosy, comfortable house of six rooms and bath, as well as a double garage, one of which is rented. Mr. Reichle is a cabinet maker, and has worked in the same place many years, and has never been laid off except during holidays.

March 2, 1925. THE HANSONS.

## PHILADELPHIA.

News items for this column should be sent to James S. Reider, 1538 North Dover Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

The passing away on February 19th, of Mr. Thomas Breen, who immigrated to the Ohio city during the boom days, is expected here soon to see his sister, Mrs. Maggie Walker, of Lithonia, who is very ill with cancer. His wife has been here for some time as has also Mrs. Walker's son, Harry, of the same place.

While working at the Pacific Biscuit Company, Mrs. John Hagadorn accidentally smashed her thumb in some machinery. She had to quit her work for a month, and finally decided to resume housekeeping. Her two-year old daughter, who was staying with her grandmother in Tacoma, was brought to her parents by Mrs. John Gerson. It is hoped that Mrs. Hagadorn will get some accident insurance from the State.

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Mrs. Pauline Gustin, who is living alone in the University district where she has been for twenty years, was taken ill recently.

**St. Louis Briefs**

Friends of Mr. W. H. Schaub, who was seriously injured by being run down by an automobile a few weeks ago, and who is still confined to the Frisco Hospital, will be glad to hear that his condition is much improved.

Several ladies from St. Thomas' Mission Congregation go to St. Luke's Hospital every Thursday morning, to assist in the work of making surgical dressings.

A young man, pretending to be "deaf and dumb," and in need of funds wherewith to finish his education at a "deaf and dumb school" recently presented his card at the factory, where Joseph Ifland is employed. Mr. Ifland insisted that the impostor finish his education there and there, and proceeded to graduate him from the university of hard knocks cheered on by his fellow workers. Mr. Ifland has set an example which, if generally emulated, would greatly lessen the impostor evil.

Mr. Emil Barth, President of the Patron's Association of Gallaudet School the past few years, is a candidate for the Board of Education. The deaf citizens favor him and hope he wins.

Mr. Irby Marchman has been in the city for a time, holding down a job, but it is not known if he proposes to remain.

A recent special literary feature for the benefit of the Christmas Fund was the reading by Mr. A. O. Steidmann at St. Thomas' Mission. His subject was "The Black Tulip," by Dumas. It was a splendid effort, interesting from beginning to end, and well delivered. Mr. Steidmann studied up the story in its original French, and it seemed to lend itself admirably to translation into signs, also of French origin.

Dr. Day of the faculty of Gallaudet College was in the city for a short time making a survey of local schools for the deaf, including Gallaudet. Local Gallaudettes planned to entertain socially, but he only had time for business.

The recent annual mask ball, given under the auspices of St. Louis Division, N. F. S. D., was a big success. The large cash prizes had some thing to do with it. The costumes ran into the comics for the most part, Spiegel and his band being especially mirth provoking. Hon. Victor Miller, candidate for

the Republican nomination for mayor, made a short address, interpreted by Miss Herdman. Mr. Emil J. Barth, non-partisan candidate for the Board of Education, introduced Mr. Miller.

Mesdames Brockmann and Ella Stock are the more recent additions to the membership of St. Thomas' Mission Guild.

**National Association of the Deaf.**

GALLAUDET MONUMENT REPLICA FUND.

BULLETIN NO. 54

Previously reported . . . . \$7,025 81

CHIP LIST

Under the Auspices of the American School for the Deaf Alumni Association. J. A. Sullivan, Chairman.

Collected by Mr. F. A. Lawrason, Secretary of Flint Division, No. 15.

Flint Division, No 15 . . . . .	10 00
James M. Stewart . . . . .	1 00
Arthur Dasse . . . . .	25
Oren DeChamplain . . . . .	50
John Strong . . . . .	50
E. M. Bristol . . . . .	50
Otto Buby . . . . .	50
A. J. Eickhoff . . . . .	50
George Ashley . . . . .	25
Jacobs Oberlin . . . . .	50
Clyde O. Stevens . . . . .	50
Philip Schreiber . . . . .	50
Mortimer Dodds . . . . .	25
Clarence Knowlton . . . . .	25
Luddie Herbst . . . . .	50
Floyd C. Crippen . . . . .	50
Wiley Kear . . . . .	50
Leo. Williamson . . . . .	50
John W. Drake . . . . .	50
Fred A. Lawrason . . . . .	50
Total . . . . .	19 00

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Howard R. Martin . . . . .

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Mr. and Mrs. William J. Bunch . . . . .

Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Cunningham . . . . .

Total . . . . .

Miss Elizabeth Green, West Hartford, Ct. . . . .

Mr. William McAnless, Frederick Maryland . . . . .

Previously Reported . . . . .

Grand Total . . . . .

Total date . . . . .

Thomas Francis Fox, Chairman . . . . .

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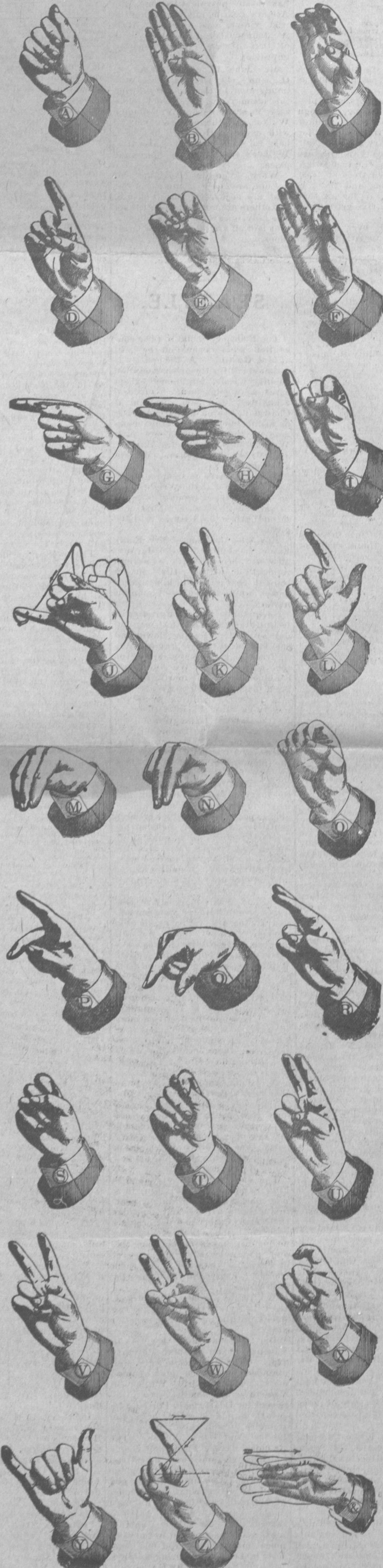
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